

# GENE AUTRY

## COMICS

No. 4-JAN. 8

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# GENE AUTRY GRAM

GENE AUTRY COMICS  
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MY YOUNG FRIENDS  
EVERYWHERE  
U.S.A.

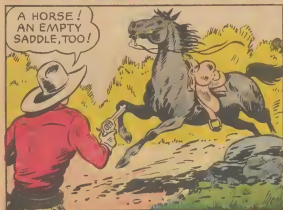
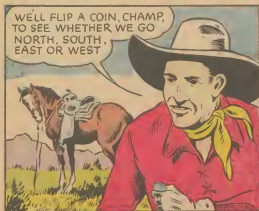
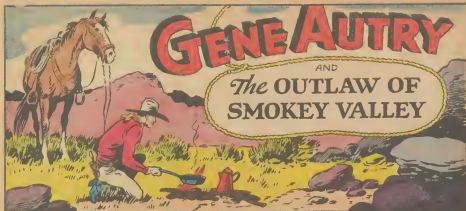
HERE IS A NEW MAGAZINE FOR YOU. IT IS CRAMMED FULL  
OF EXCITING ADVENTURE. THE OUTLAW OF SMOKEY  
VALLEY IS A HUMDINGER OF A WESTERN STORY AND  
THE DRAWINGS ARE TOPS IN SWIFT ACTION. THEN  
THERE IS THE THRILLING PICTURE STORY OF A WILD  
UNTAMED COLT NAMED GOLD FLASH. THERE IS A  
FAST MOVING SHORT STORY CALLED THE CLUE.  
I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY THIS BOOK. BEST OF LUCK  
TO ALL OF YOU.

GENE AUTRY

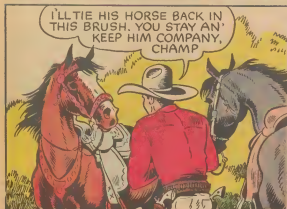


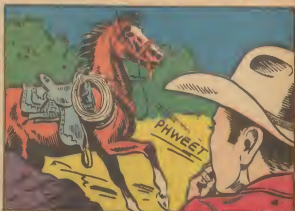
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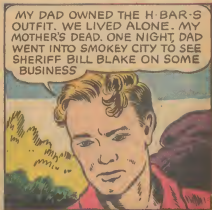
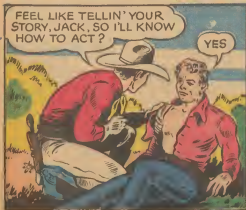
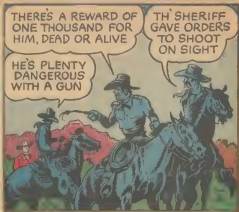
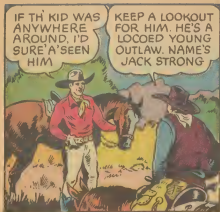
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"SHERIFF BLAKE SAYS  
DAD ASKED HIM TO GO  
TO THE THREE ACES."



"THEY GOT IN A CARD GAME WITH RED HOSKINS  
AND DEUCE BRAND-DEUCE OWNS THE THREE ACES."



"YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT,  
STRONG. NO DEALIN' FROM TH'  
BOTTOM GOES AROUND HERE"



"THEY SAY DAD DREW FIRST AND RED  
SHOT HIM IN SELF DEFENSE. BUT I  
DON'T BELIEVE IT!"



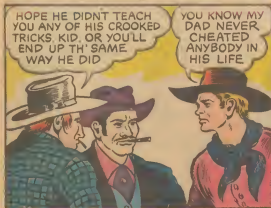
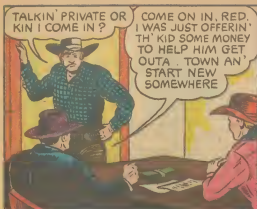
"DEUCE BRAND HELD A MORTGAGE ON  
THE RANCH. HE FORECLOSED AND PUT  
ME OUT. I WENT TO TOWN TO SEE HIM-

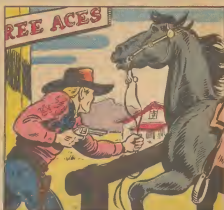
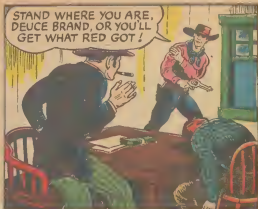


"TOUGH LUCK, KID. BUT YOU COULDN'T  
RUN THAT OUTFIT ALONE. COME ON  
IN MY OFFICE"

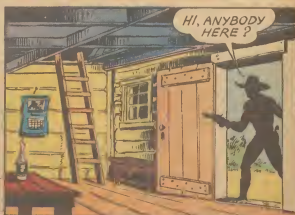


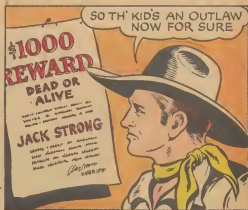
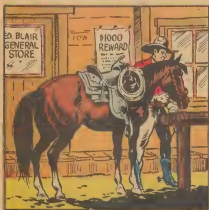
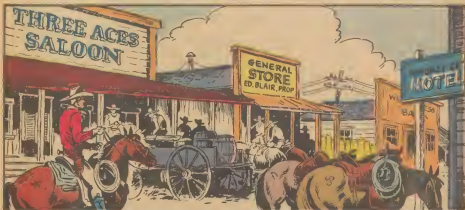
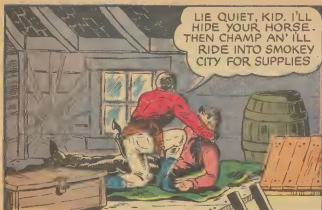


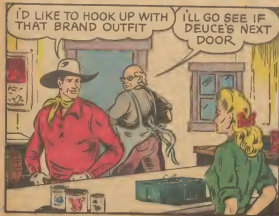
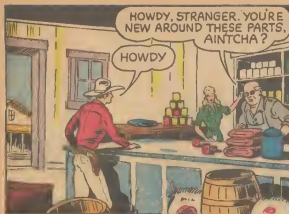


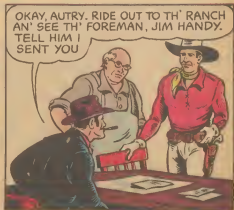
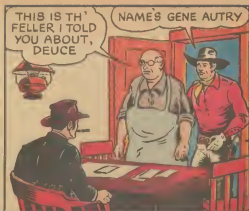








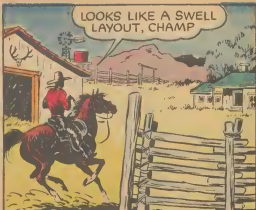




I GOT TO GET TO TH' RANCH  
NOW. BE BACK SOON'S I CAN  
WITH SOME MORE GRUB.  
LIE QUIET, KID



LOOKS LIKE A SWELL  
LAYOUT, CHAMP



BRAND SENT ME  
OVER. I'M LOOKIN'  
FOR TH' FOREMAN,  
JIM HANDY

I'M HANDY. GUESS  
WE MET BEFORE  
TODAY, AUTRY



THAT'S RIGHT, WE  
DID.. YOU WERE  
HUNTIN' FOR  
SOME KID. FIND  
HIM YET ?

NO, NOT YET.  
BUT WE WILL.  
HE'S A PLENTY  
BAD ACTOR,  
THAT KID !



HERE'S YOUR BUNK, AUTRY..THERE'S  
LOTS OF WORK AROUND HERE. BRAND  
FIRED ALL TH' OLD HANDS. THEY WAS  
FRIENDS OF TH' KID'S



TAKE IT EASY, CHAMP. WE  
GOTTA SLIDE OUTA  
HERE QUIET-LIKE





PICK UP YOUR FEET,  
CHAMP. DONT MAKE  
ANY NOISE



WONDER WHAT THAT NEW  
HANDS RIDIN' OUT THIS  
TIME O' NIGHT FOR



WANTA SEE WHERE  
THAT HOMBRES  
HEADED FOR



GOTTA TELL DEUCE 'BOUT  
THIS. SOMETHIN' QUEER'S  
GOIN' ON



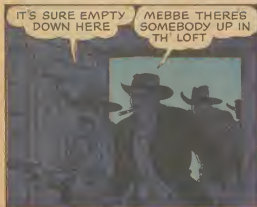




WE'LL BE BACK AT TH' RANCH BEFORE ANYBODY KNOWS WE'RE GONE



IT AIN'T LOCKED. GO EASY NOW, BOYS!



IT'S SURE EMPTY DOWN HERE

MEBBE THERE'S SOMEBODY UP IN TH' LOFT



ANYBODY UP THERE? SING OUT OR WE'LL START SHOOTIN'!



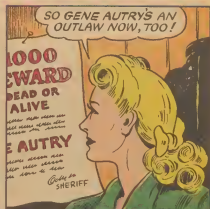
THAT'LL SMOKE 'EM OUT IF THERE'S ANYBODY UP THERE!





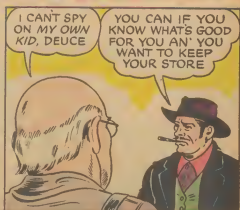
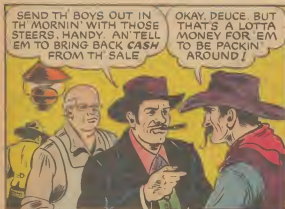












I'LL BE MOVIN' ON. TH' BOYS ARE COMIN' IN FROM ALL OVER SMOKEY VALLEY FOR TH' MAN HUNT. WE'LL STRING THEM TWO HOMBRES UP WHEN WE KETCH 'EM!

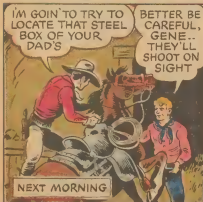


LET'S GET GOIN' BACK TO TH' KID, CHAMP



I'M GOIN' TO TRY TO LOCATE THAT STEEL BOX OF YOUR DAD'S

BETTER BE CAREFUL, GENE... THEY'LL SHOOT ON SIGHT



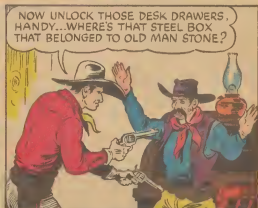
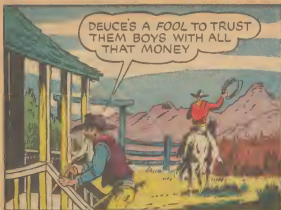
GO EASY, CHAMP. WE'RE GETTIN' NEAR TH' RANCH YARD



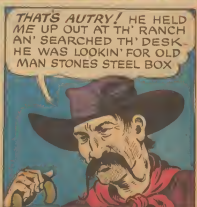
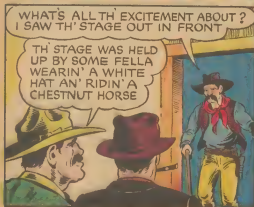
DEUCE SAYS BRING BACK TH' CASH SOONS YOU SELL TH' COWS

WE'LL COME BACK LITTLE SMOKEY TRAIL. AINT MANY FOLKS KNOW THAT SHORT CUT







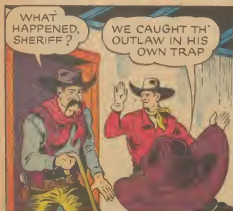








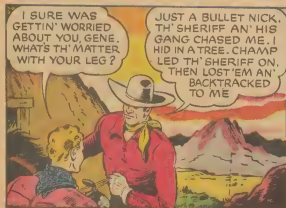
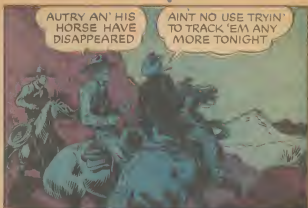


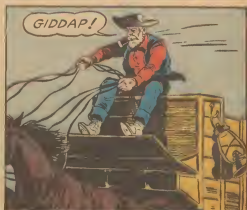


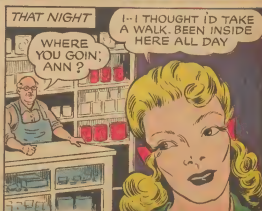
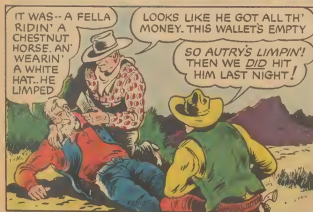
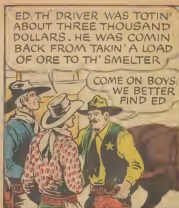




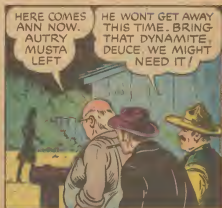
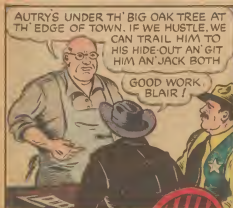














TAKE IT EASY, BOYS. WE DON'T  
WANT HIM TO KNOW HE'S BEIN'  
FOLLERED TILL WE FIND THAT  
HIDE-OUT O' HIS'N



THERE'S HIS HIDE-OUT.  
WE'VE SURE GOT 'EM  
CORNERED NOW !

WE BETTER LEAVE TH'  
HORSES HERE. I'VE GOT  
TH' DYNAMITE !



KEEP UNDER COVER, BOYS.  
AUTRY AN' TH' KID ARE  
BOTH KILLERS



COME ON OUT, YOU TWO,  
OR WE'LL BLAST  
YOU OUT !







LUCKY FOR US YOU FOUND THIS OLD TUNNEL  
LEADIN' OUTA TH' MINE, KID

YOU SURE THEY  
FOLLOWED YOU,  
GENE?



YEP, IM SURE. I HEARD 'EM  
BEHIND ME ALL TH WAY FROM  
TOWN. I KNEW IF THEY SAW  
CHAMP THEY'D BE SURE WE  
WERE INSIDE

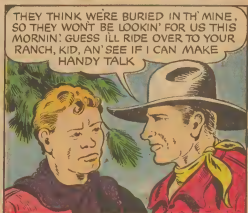
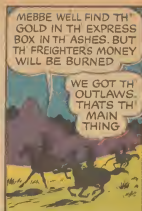


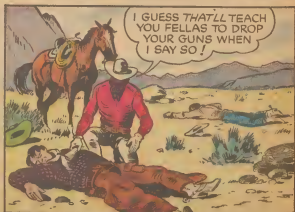
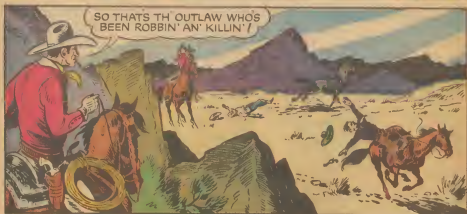
WHAT'S THAT?  
SOUNDS LIKE  
A CANNON!

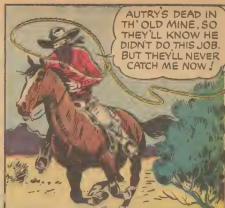
IT'S DYNAMITE!  
THEY'VE BLOWN UP  
TH' MINE...MOVE  
FAST, KID, BEFORE  
THESE WALLS  
CAVE IN!

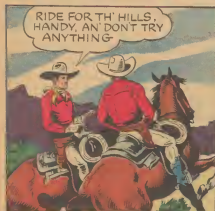


WE'LL FIND A HIDIN' PLACE  
TILL MORNING. CHAMP'LL GET  
TO US SOMEWAY. TRUST HIM





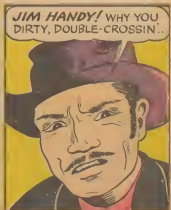
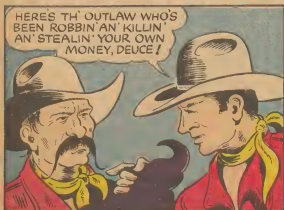


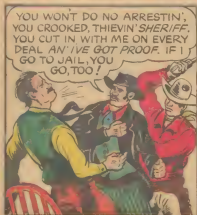
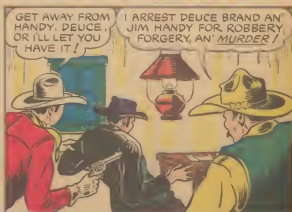
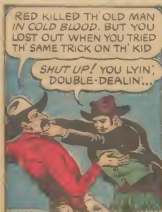
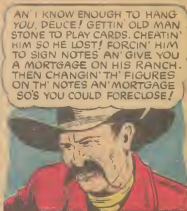


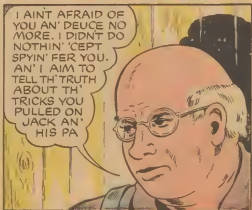




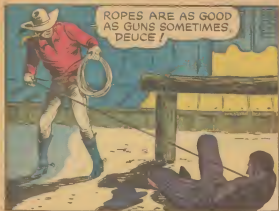












ROPES ARE AS GOOD  
AS GUNS SOMETIMES.  
DEUCE!



YOU WON'T GET  
AWAY THIS TIME



WE'VE GOT ALL TH' PROOF WE NEED, JACK. TH' RANCH'LL BE  
YOURS AGAIN. AS SOON AS TH' UNITED STATES MARSHAL  
ARRIVES TO TAKE OVER OUR PRISONERS,  
I'LL BE RIDIN' ON



NEXT MORNING

YOU'LL COME BACK  
SOMEDAY, WON'T  
YOU, GENE?

SURE WILL, JACK



WELL, CHAMP, RECKON WE'D  
BETTER FLIP A COIN TO SEE  
WHETHER WE HEAD NORTH,  
SOUTH, EAST, OR WEST

TILL GOODAN



Dusk, darkened by storm clouds, was falling over the plains when Chet Doane rode into the yard of the old, deserted ranch. His black horse twitched restlessly, when Chet pulled him to a stop and looked silently around at the dilapidated tumble-down houses.

"What's the matter, Blackie? Don't you like this place?" Chet said in a low voice to his uneasy horse. "Well, I don't care much for it, either. But there's a storm comin' an' it'll give us shelter. We can't make it home tonight."

Chet rode across the yard to the barn and slid from his saddle. The doors were half-open, hanging loosely on their rusty hinges. The odor of must and decay filled the barn.

Chet unsaddled and rubbed down the tired horse. But Blackie grew more and more restless, tossing his head and whimpering.

"You act like you was seein' things," Chet muttered. "There's nothin' here but us."

When the horse was fed and quieted, Chet walked across the yard to the house. The door swung open with a rusty squeaking, when he pushed it. Thick dust and cobwebs covered the furniture and floors of all the rooms.

"Looks like it ain't been touched since Red Brown vamoosed," Chet mumbled. "Think I'll bed down with Blackie. It's friendlier there."

As he walked back toward the barn, the first drops of rain splattered in the dust.

Chet spoke soothingly to the still-restive horse. Then he rolled up in his blanket near the open doors and watched the pelting rain.

As he stared into the darkness of the yard, he thought about Red Brown, who had once lived on the ranch. He had been a tall, rangy man with rusty-red hair. He'd been pleasant enough, but he had stayed mostly to himself and worked his small ranch alone.

Then, one night, he had disappeared without leaving a trail. The sheriff had led a search,

but the man seemed to have dropped into town as mysteriously as he had disappeared. That was about a year ago, Chet remembered.

Finally, Chet drifted into sleep.

Then, suddenly, Chet awakened. Something had startled him from his light sleep. Blackie was awake, too, moving restlessly. The rain was coming down in a slow, steady downpour.

"Quiet, Blackie," Chet whispered.

Through the screen of rain, he saw a sudden flicker of light near the back of the ranch house. The light disappeared around the corner.

Chet stood motionless, his eyes peering into the darkness and rain, his ears straining to hear a sound. But the light did not reappear and there was no sound except the rain.

"Keep quiet, Blackie. I'm goin' to take a look-see," Chet whispered after awhile.

He loosened his revolver in its holster and stepped out into the blackness and the rain. Slowly and cautiously he circled the small house, but he found no trace of anyone.

Chet slept no more that night. He lay, wrapped in his blanket, his hand on his revolver, his eyes staring out into the ranch yard. But he saw and heard nothing.

Morning finally came, cold and gray and damp. The rain had stopped and the once-dusty ranch yard was thick mud.

"I don't s'pose I'll find anything, Blackie," Chet muttered. "The rain's prob'ly washed out all tracks, if somebody was prowlin' around."

Quickly and quietly Chet circled the house, but he found no footprints on the muddy earth. He stopped to pull open the weather-beaten double doors, slanting against the back of the house and opening into an old root cellar under the house. The doors opened with a squeal of rusty hinges and Chet peered down into the shallow, black cellar. It was empty and filled with the odor of damp, musty earth.



A rickety wooden ladder led downward.

"There's nothin' down there," Chet said.

Then he saw it!

It was a small blotch of scarlet on the dark earth of the cellar floor. Noiselessly Chet slid down the ladder and picked it up. It was a fragment of red cloth, a small, jagged piece torn from a bandana. It was wet with rain, but it was still brightly scarlet so Chet knew that it must have been dropped recently.

Quickly Chet glanced around him. The walls and floor of the little cellar were hard-packed earth. The ceiling was the floor of the ranch house kitchen.

Then he saw the narrow wooden door, set into the earth wall. The boards of the door were weathered a dark brown, the same color as the walls. An old bin, half-filled with rotting potatoes, was tipped against the door. No one, glancing down into the dark cellar, would have noticed it.

Chet moved closer to it to examine the wooden latch. His eyes gleamed. Caught in the latch was a scarlet thread.

Cautiously he lifted the latch. It moved easily. He pulled. But the door did not budge. He tugged harder. Still the door did not move. It was firmly barred on the inside.

Chet stood silently, listening. There was no sound. But he knew that someone was behind that door. Looking around, Chet saw an axe, lying in the corner.

Standing at one side of the door, he swung the axe, cutting a long, deep gash in the wood.

Instantly a gun barked from behind the door. The bullet cut through the wood, zinged past Chet's head and buried itself in the earth wall. Three other shots followed the first, the bullets striking the cellar wall.

Chet, holding his body close against the wall, thrust his arm forward and fired again and again through the door. After his fifth shot he heard a low groan and a dull thud.

He waited for several minutes. But there was no other sound. Finally he leaned forward and struck the door another smashing blow, drawing swiftly back to safety. The wood in the upper part of the door was splintered, leaving a jagged hole. But there was no more gunfire.

Finally Chet moved warily forward and peered through the hole. He looked into a small, cavelike room. A man was lying, face-

down, on the floor, still clutching his gun.

Covering the silent figure with his gun, Chet reached through the hole in the door, unbarred the door and walked into the room. Slowly he moved toward the sprawled body. Quickly he bent and jerked the gun from the man's nerveless fingers. Then he rolled the body over on its back.

It was Red Brown! A torn red bandana was knotted around his neck. Blood was gushing from a long bullet gash in his head. Chet found water and clean rags and washed and bandaged the bullet wound.

Slowly Red Brown's eyes opened and he moaned, "Chet Doane!"

"So this is where you been hidin' out, Red."

"I thought I'd covered my tracks so well no one would ever find me."

"You did, expect for one little clue." As he spoke, Chet showed Red the torn piece of the bandana. "I saw your light last night. So I looked around this mornin'. But I never woulda found you, if I hadn't seen that little piece of red cloth. Why you been hidin' like this, Red?"

"I worked in a bank back East," Red stammered. "One of the men absconded with a lot of money and framed me. I skipped before they arrested me, takin' my savings with me. I changed my name, dyed my hair, and bought this ranch. I thought I was safe, till one day in town I saw a placard, offering a reward for me. I knew they'd track me down, so I disappeared. I didn't aim to hit you, when I shot. I was just trying to scare whoever it was away."

"Is your real name Blake?" Chet asked.

"Yes, Robert G. Blake."

"Then you're in the clear, Red," Chet cried. "The sheriff tore down those placards three-four months ago. Said they'd found the real crook. You're a free man, Robert Blake!"



# Trick Roping



## The FOUR-HORSE CATCH



THE 'TRICK ROPERS' OF THE RODEOS ARE NOT CONTESTANTS, BUT PAID PERFORMERS. THEIR ACT IS USUALLY DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS, TRICK CATCHES ON RUNNING HORSES AND ROPE SPINNING. THIS REQUIRES GREAT SKILL AND PERFECT SENSE OF TIMING, MAKING IT NECESSARY FOR THE ROPER TO PRACTICE CONSTANTLY. THE ROPE MOST FREQUENTLY USED FOR TRICK CATCHES IS THE MEXICAN MAGUEY ROPE, ABOUT 50 TO 60 FEET IN LENGTH. THE SPINNING ROPE IS A WOVEN COTTON ROPE SIMILAR TO A SASH CORD. IT IS FROM 20 TO 22 FEET LONG AND THREE-EIGHTHS OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER.



# Trick Riding



## ROMAN STANDING RACE



TRICK RIDING IS ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR EVENTS OF THE RODEO. THE HORSES USED MUST BE TRAINED TO RUN AT AN EVEN, STEADY PACE WHILE THE RIDER VAULTS FROM SIDE TO SIDE, DOES "CART-WHEELS" AND "ROLL-UPS," CRAWLS UNDER THE HORSE AND PERFORMS NUMEROUS OTHER ACROBATICS. THE TRICK RIDERS MUST KEEP IN GOOD PHYSICAL CONDITION. THE SADDLE USED HAS A HIGH HORN, FLAT CANTLE AND MANY HAND-HOLDS AND STRAPS TO AID THE RIDER IN HIS VARIOUS TRICKS. ONE OF THE BEST TRICK RIDERS NOW FOLLOWING THE RODEOS IS ALSO A CHAMPION BRONG-RIDER AND STEER RIDER.

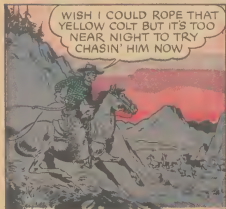
## The RUSSIAN DRAG



## The SHOULDER STAND



# GOLD FLASH

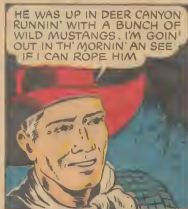


WISH I COULD ROPE THAT YELLOW COLT BUT IT'S TOO NEAR NIGHT TO TRY CHASIN' HIM NOW

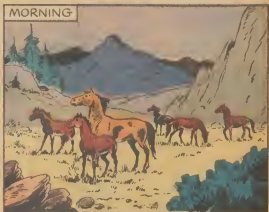


RAN ONTO TH' PURTIEST COLT I EVER SAW TODAY. HE WAS ALMOST PURE GOLD COLOR AN' RAN LIKE A FLASH

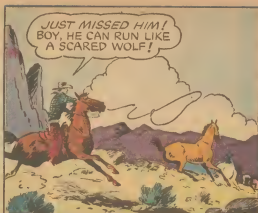
WHERE'D YOU SEE THIS HERE GOLD FLASH O' YOURS?

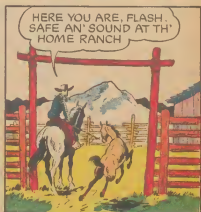


HE WAS UP IN DEER CANYON RUNNIN' WITH A BUNCH OF WILD MUSTANGS. I'M GOIN' OUT IN TH' MORNIN' AN SEE IF I CAN ROPE HIM

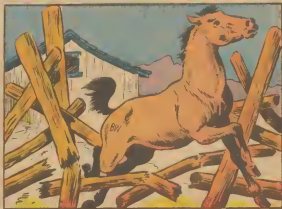
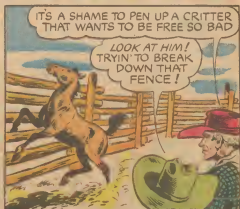


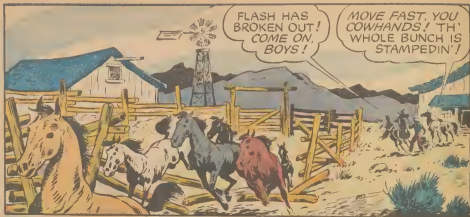
MORNING











FLASH HAS  
BROKEN OUT!  
COME ON,  
BOYS!

MOVE FAST, YOU  
COWHANDS! TH'  
WHOLE BUNCH IS  
STAMPEDIN'!



WHAT A COLT! HE  
SURE CAN RUN!



I GUESS I'VE  
GOT YOU AGAIN,  
YOUNG FELLER.



JUMPIN' CATS! I  
WOULDN'T GO DOWN  
THAT PLACE WITH  
A LADDER!



YOU'VE GOT YOUR FREEDOM  
NOW, FLASH. BUT YOU'RE  
WEARIN' MY BRAND AN'  
SOMEDAY WE'LL  
MEET AGAIN!

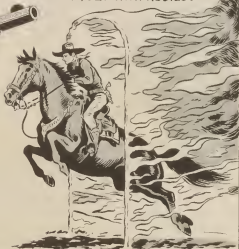
TILL GOODAN



# Gene Autry

## COWBOY IDOL OF MILLIONS

GENE HAS ONE OF THE FINEST "SIX-SHOOTERS" IN THE WORLD. IT WAS PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE COLT'S FIRE ARMS COMPANY AND IS COMPLETELY OVERLAID WITH SOLID GOLD AND ENGRAVED. THE ACTION IS HAND FINISHED AND THE HANDLES ARE MOTHER OF PEARL, SET WITH RUBIES.



"ROBIN HOOD,"  
GENE'S FAMOUS  
PALOMINO,  
IS ONE OF THE  
MOST PERFECT  
SPECIMENS OF  
THE GOLDEN  
PALOMINO  
HORSE IN THE  
UNITED STATES.  
HE IS ALSO ONE  
OF THE MOST  
HIGHLY  
TRAINED...



MOST ANIMALS ARE AFRAID  
OF FIRE AND THE "FIRE JUMP" IS  
ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT  
TRICKS TO TEACH A HORSE.  
CHAMPION HAS THE UTMOST  
CONFIDENCE IN GENE AND  
NEVER REFUSES THIS JUMP  
UNLESS HE IS "OFF STRIDE" AND  
IN FEAR OF INJURING HIS MASTER



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drawing: miki + pencil drawing: miki

# THE TEEN TITANS

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